

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Sonnet.

FREDERICK OZANAM.

A soul alight with purest flame of love,
A heart aglow with sweetest charity,
A mind all filled—and this is rarity—
With even-balanced thoughts, his eyes above,
Yet saw the earth in its dread verity;
For is't not true that some who Heaven see
Cast down no looks upon the shadows of
This shadowed world? A serpent, yet a dove,
He saw the world, and seeking, found the clue
To all the thoughts of the present time,
And from the past drew other secrets down;
He placed 'mid Dante's boys a diamond true
Of purest water; and in every clime
Prayers of God's poor add gems to his own crown.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

—Catholic Record.

Shall it Ever be Thus?

A MORAL TALE.

Written Expressly for the *Notre Dame Scholastic* by One who
shall be Nameless.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

On every side we see blossoms that only seem to wait for our plucking; every wind brings us their betraying odors; yet we turn away, and go on with our old business of pulling thistles, no matter how our hands bleed.—*Bayard Taylor*.

"And such is life," said Von Lüchengrab, surreptitiously swallowing a sardine, while the bar-tender was attending to a more profitable customer. "If we only meet it in a cheerful spirit, it lays its prizes at our feet.

"Man fondly follows grief and care,
He seeks for thorns and finds them there;
While, wasting sweets on desert air,
The violet blooms unheeded,"

continued he, singing to the good old tune of "*Freut euch des Lebens*." "Now, my good friend, Von Schrinckenbach, why did you let pass that golden opportunity which perhaps may never again recur? A free passage on an excursion to Niagara! Oh! if I only had had the chance, how quickly I would have availed myself of it! How I would have joined in the dances on the hurricane deck by moonlight, or if the night were not propitious, how brilliant a game would I have played at the card tables below!"

"And lost all your money," said Von Schrinckenbach.

"Ah! that is where I have the advantage," said Von Lüchengrab; "I never have any money to lose. And while talking of money, my dear fellow, do me the favor to lend me twenty dollars. I shall return it in a little while; but as to that, you know, it's only a question of time."

"A question that it will take a long time to answer, I fear. No, Von Lüchengrab; much as I should like to oblige you, I make it a strict rule never to lend money."

"Why, my dear sir, rolling in riches, as you must be, I should think that it would be a pleasure to oblige your friends. How otherwise can you dispose of your vast resources?"

"Not so vast as you imagine, perhaps," said Von Schrinckenbach, "although I must confess it does give me some trouble to determine what to do with my money. If I keep it with me, I cannot sleep at night, for fear of burglars. If I put it in a bank, the bank will be sure to burst. If I buy Government bonds, they will redeem them again in silver, and I shall be the loser. If I bury it in the ground, who knows what would happen? I could neither rest by night nor by day. Oh, how miserable it is to have the care of wealth!"

"True! true! *Nummum sumnum defendendum*. You must be deaf-and-dumb when anybody asks you for it. Why, it's a joke. Don't you see it?"

"Please—please don't, dear Von Lüchengrab; it's no joke to me, I assure you! Oh! the miseries of life!"

"Pooh! pooh! Cultivate the muses, man, and fling money with its anxieties to the winds. Dance with Terpsichore, declaim with Melpomene, jest with Thalia, sing with Polyhymnia, or gaze at the stars with Urania."

Von Lüchengrab was after all not much of a classicist, and he pronounced "Thalia" and "Urania" as careless persons will, with the accent on the antepenult. Professor Parkes, an inoffensive man in other respects, became quickly exasperated by a false quantity. Although aware that he was in a dangerous neighborhood, he could not forbear murmuring: "Urania."

"Sir!" said Von Lüchengrab, turning fiercely around, "did you address that expression to me? An unprovoked insult I can never overlook."

"Ahem!" said the Professor, embarrassed, and conscious that he had no business in a bar-room anyhow;—"it was, ahem, a false quantity—a—"

"A false quantity of what, sir? Explain this atrocious insolence! How dare you address such terms to a perfect stranger. Here is my card, sir. My friend, here, Von Schrinckenbach, will meet any friend of yours whom you may designate, to arrange preliminaries. Enough, sir. No more, sir. Yes: as I was saying before, Von Schrinckenbach, gaze at the stars with Urania."

"But, my dear Von Lünchengrab, I don't want to have anything to do with this. It isn't safe, you know."

"What! not safe to gaze at the stars?"

"I don't mean that; for, setting aside the danger of being hit by a falling star, I suppose there isn't much—but—"

"But you are afraid of becoming too enthusiastic in the prosecution of the sublime science of astronomy? Ah! my friend, I sympathize with you. Do not allow yourself to be ensnared by the charmer. Waste not the precious hours of sleep in discovering asteroids. I once thought of devoting my whole life to the discovery of an additional asteroid, but the inward monitor asked me: 'What then?' And I was forced to echo the question and re-echo it through the cavernous recesses of my *sensus intimus*, without coming to any further conclusion. How can we imagine that the names of the discoverers of these trifling luminaries will be handed down to posterity, when the name of him who discovered the brightest luminary of all,—the sun,—is absolutely unknown to history?"

"Way, I suppose it was Adam," said Von Schrinckenbach.

"You suppose so,—yes! But that you see, by the very terms you use, is a mere hypothesis. And what if the Darwinian hypothesis be true? What if Adam himself be merely an hypothesis? An hypothesis, perhaps, with a tail!"

"Oh, Von Lünchengrab, how can you? In the present state of my nerves—"

"What! shrink from the Darwinian hypothesis, confirmed as it is even by the testimony of living languages! The Greeks do not consider a man perfect unless he is *teleios*, which means having a *telos* or *tail*—the English word is an exact derivative; and a modern French writer says that Napoleon's dignified demeanor was something wonderful *dans un homme de sa taille*, which, of course, means his tail, although the anti-Darwinians seek to gloss it over with another translation. And why are those who make our clothes called tailors, unless by way of reminiscence of the times when the tail was the only article of clothing worn?"

"Very plausible,—but let us talk of something else. This affair with Professor Parkes. You surely don't mean to fight him, do you?" The Professor had stepped out during Von Lünchengrab's Darwinian harangue.

"Fight him, of course, and kill him too! What do you take me for?"

"Yes; but it's so dangerous, even for the seconds; for a stray shot, you know, might take any direction, and I made it a rule never to have anything to do with fire-arms."

"Well, you are in for it now. The Professor has gone off, you see, probably with a view of selecting a friend to act as his second. You can't get out of it now, so you must break through your rule."

"And what will happen if I decline to do so?"

"Happen? Why, you'll be shot surely, then; the Professor's second will shoot you,—the Professor himself will shoot you,—I'll shoot you—"

"You'll shoot me! Excuse me. I must just step out for a moment. I'll see you again." And Von Schrinckenbach disappeared through the back door.

"There," soliloquized Von Lünchengrab;—"that is the last I shall see of him! He will leave town by the next train, and never come back. Serves him right! He should have lent me the small sum that I requested."

The Orientalist had been calmly viewing the scene from

his corner, where he was smoking a pipe through a flexible stem of many convolutions and sipping arrack punch. He now addressed Von Lünchengrab—

"Your friend does not shine as a duellist," said he.

"My friend," said Von Lünchengrab. "No friend of mine is he, or of any man's that I know. He is afraid to commit himself to the claims of friendship. Shine! He shine!"

"*Likhakasi Underabed*," murmured the other.

"A Persian proverb, eh?" The Orientalist nodded.

(The suite by and bye.)

How Shall We Educate the Nation?

BY JOHN G. EWING.

The great truth in government that this century has established, is that the government derives all its power, under God, from the consent of the people governed. On this truth rests our nation, and this right did our fathers defend in '76. It was no new axiom, for we then but held by the Laws of the Confessor and the Rights of *Magna Charta*. The theory of divine right is now held by few men of learning and of intelligence. It has become a thing of the past. The monarchies of Europe have become—or rapidly are becoming—Republics in reality, whatever they may be in name. The many, not the few, now rule. The saying of Lewis *le Grand*, "I am the State," would now be met by the universal fact patent to all that the people, not the ruler, is the State. Governments bow to the public will, to the public opinion. Let us not argue whether that be the true and proper form of government, though I would say it is; let us not linger on this question; let us but meet the fact as it presents itself. Be it true or false in doctrine, be it fortunate or unfortunate in its practice, the truth of government by the people is now an established fact, and must be admitted as such. In our Nation was it first pushed to its ultimate conclusions. The Bourbon and the Brunswicker fought and struggled, the one to free, the other to enslave our people. Little did Lewis XVI, or George III that maniac king, think that in that Republic would arise new principles, new longings, and new hopes that would bury the throne of one in the waves of a universal carnage and destruction, and cause that of the other to totter to its fall. We have risen a Nation that has sent a tide of democratic ideas back to the Old World of Divine Right, that has swept the people over the ruin and destruction of monarchies and empires to the principle that the government rules for and by the governed, and not through Divine Right, and for its own glory and renown. Government must now rest on the confidence and love of its people. For it is now held that "Society is an association of equal rights, for mutual protection; and that power, under God, belongs to the whole body of corporators,—that is to the multitude."

If, then, the people must and do govern, if they are the State, and must maintain it, how can a solid, firm, and lasting foundation for government be found? Can it be found? Would not the people, under such rule, disregard all law? Would not crime and passion hold eternal sway? Would not uncontrolled license rule the State? Would not contempt of law, disrespect of rulers, love of self, and gratification of all wishes be the end attained? Is not, then, this axiom of government by the governed false and pernicious? Is

then all this beautiful fabric of Equality and Liberty to fall, for want of a controlling power for good over the minds of men? We, Americans, born and reared on Freedom's soil, and loving our Nation and our Government with love undying, who could and have poured out our blood in token of this love, we say there is a means to attain this desired end. It is not new. The axiom is well known and evident to all. No nation can be free and self-governing, unless founded on clear intelligence and well-established virtue. Education, in its true sense, is what we seek. It is the foundation of liberty; it is the safeguard of equality. We must have education in order to have a fit administration of government, in order to have a proper exercise of a nation's power.

What is Education? Where are we to look for it? Education is the development of man's powers and faculties, of his heart as well as his head, of his moral as well as of his intellectual endowments. We, in order to be a free people, must have this development. The child must be reared in the mental and moral knowledge of his forefathers, and made to transmit it to his posterity. Like the atoms of matter in the universe, so are the children of man in society. If the atoms be not disposed in true and righteous order, confusion is the result. None can be left idle. Each has its duty in the economy of Nature; each, its work. The change of place of one alone would destroy the body formed. So are the children of man. So they, too, should be taught in the way, and thus they should be guided by laws of right and truth from their cradle to their tomb. Truth must be developed, not in itself, for it is the same now, and always will be the same, as when the fiat of man's creation went forth, but it must be developed in the minds of men. Truth must be brought home to the people and made known to them. But men will say, "We have truth. We can allow our ancestors had it not, but we possess it in all its fulness. They said it, and they blind their eyes to the tyrannies and oppressions, the pride and the luxury, the folly and deceit, that fill this earth with misery and mourning, and that drag mankind down into sorrow and sin. We have not the violent crimes of our ancestors, but we have the more stupendous crimes which corrupt civilization has brought forth. For the robber's sword, we have the forger's pen; for the wild foray of war, we have our swindles and speculations ruining thousands, and sending hundreds to suicide graves; for fierce and uncontrollable lust, we have polite and polished divorce; and thus we might go on through the catalogue of moral shame and degradation, giving proof to the assertion that our enlightenment is a shame as far as national advancement is concerned. Murder, suicide, lust, robbery, and fraud are seen in high places so commonly in our day as to excite no surprise, and nothing more than a passing comment. No nation can govern itself unless it has a clear head and a sound heart. It will rush to its own destruction and ruin, blindly and without a purpose. Without education, a nation is either buried in dead and hopeless servitude, or raging in a turbulent sea of uncontrolled anarchy, license, and passion.

Education we, as a free nation, must have. Whence shall it come? Shall we turn to that knowledge without morality, that sings for us the siren song of equality and conciliation effected by its teachings? Shall we listen to its voice, and let our nation drift on through the sea, dark and foreboding of fatal Atheism or sensual Materialism, on to the rocks and shoals of anarchy, revolution, and un-

bridled passion? Let us but listen to the warning voice of nations gone. Hear through the ages the mournful song of fallen Greece! List to the sage teachings of a Plato and a Socrates, warning their countrymen of their danger, and yet offering naught but dead and unfeeling philosophic teaching as a resource! List to the cry for a God to lead them to the right road, and to show them the way to true freedom! Hear the songs of their immortal poets, and see the works of their immortal sculptors, and consider them well. Behind all this beauty are corruption and decay. 'Tis the apple of the desert, beautiful to the eye, and crumbling to ashes at the touch. Ask of Greece, that land of almost superhuman intelligence, the cause of its downfall and decay, and the answer will come, the want of moral teaching. The laws of a Lycurgus or a Solon might form a State, but could never preserve it. The Romans came in their might, and the nation was no more. They too practiced, as far as man could with reason as a guide, the virtues natural to men, and yet they fell into the dark night of corruption and sin. They fell, and Caesar came. A mighty Virgil might sing the praise of old Roman virtues, and a Livy in his genius might take them to point his tale. A Juvenal might sting with his pen of matchless satire the vices almost numberless of his age, and a Tacitus might point them to the inevitable end. Still they fell as did all before them. List to the cry of the pagan heart for something more than mere knowledge; list to it, ye that must rule the nation, and take warning by it. A few deserted columns and temples are all that are left of those proud and haughty peoples. Knowledge could not uphold the nation. Something more was needed. It was heart-training, it was moral teaching. It was the perfect fulfilment of that pagan maxim, "Know thyself," in heart as well as in mind, that was needed in Greece and Rome of old. Even in Christian times have we seen the nations fall from the fulfilment of this maxim, and every fall marked a nation's decline. In this century past, did we see the effect of mere intellectual training. The most enlightened nation then on earth, deifying humanity, refusing to God the homage due, and bowing down before a harlot as the Goddess of Reason! We have seen that nation plunge into excesses unknown before, sweeping the land in a torrent, with carnage, lust, anarchy, and destruction in its wake. We have seen what education without morality is worth. List to history, and trust not to mere reason. Are ye wise and true in your love of country? Then know that education without morality leads a nation to destruction, or places over it the Caesar of despotic sway. Morality is needed to a free nation, and morality must form part of the nation's life, part of its education, part of its training. List not to the song of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, sung by the teachers of the doctrine of Intellect! It will lead but to destruction; it will bury our people in oblivion; it will cause our name, as a nation, to go down as but another example added to those who said they would stand without God.

Here are we, as a people, met by the question as to the wisdom of our method of education. Are our schools as now managed, when viewed in the light of the foregoing truths,—are they, viewed in the light of logical truth, wise and politic? I say, "No; in all truth they are not." The Government says to the people, "In consideration of the religious difference of the people, we shall establish schools in which no religious doctrine shall be taught. If we allow the Bible to be read, it shall be read without note or com-

ment, so that it may afford no instruction to the youth. But since the version of the Bible is with many a disputed point, it cannot and shall not be allowed in our schools." We, therefore, have schools without God, education without morality; we follow the nations of old in their teachings, shall we follow in their practice? shall we follow in their way to ruin and destruction? Nay, not only the Catholic now protests, but the Protestant also raises his voice against this system. It is false in its conception of education. It is leading our land to ruin. Men are rousing against it, and day after day some earnest seeker sees the evil, and warns the nation. It, as a learned Protestant clergyman remarked a few months ago, is breaking down Protestantism in our land, and inducing infidelity in its stead. Better error mixed with truth, than blank error, denying God. The evils of the system are patent to all men; few would now deny that these schools form a nation of Godless men and women, and such a nation is a crime against civilization. The system is wrong, and cannot be upheld. Not many years shall go by before we shall see the nation rise against it, and shall witness its downfall and destruction by the still God-fearing people of this land. The opponents of our present system bring forward two substitutes for it. The one is that the State no longer interferes in education; the other, that the school tax be divided among the diverse religious bodies to be used by them in educating their children.

I consider the first substitute as unwise. The State should not educate, but should provide means for education. Speaking on the subject of education, it has been well said: "The fact is palpable, and every statesman, philosopher, and candid student of the educational question confesses that voluntary agencies are wholly unable to undertake a task so gigantic" as to reach the ignorant masses that abound in every community. But, we, as a free nation, must educate all our citizens, poor as well as rich; and here it is that government will find its work. With its thoroughly organized resources and immense power, it is fully able to reach this ignorance, and yet to do, it must not necessarily put on the pedagogue's cap. Let our country take pattern after the nations of Europe, wise in this respect at least, and forego the thought of teaching in person the people. Let us adopt that method which Prussia, Austria, France, England and her colonies have all adopted, that of dividing the tax among the religious bodies of the nation. Let us levy the tax, and thus divide it. We shall still have free education, and we shall violate the conscience of no one. The only objection, of any import, raised against this system is that it would be impossible to satisfy the diverse denominations, they being so many, and in many cases of such small number. And another objection raised is that it would prevent the unification of our people. The best answer, and a complete one, is the working of this system in the countries named, especially in Canada, where the same elements of diversity are met as are met in our nation. Here we shall find neither of these objections is of weight when met by the test of experience. If our present system is done away with, this is the method that should be adopted and followed by our people. In it is retained the leading principle of our present system, that endears it to every American heart, namely, free, public education, supported by Government taxation.

I say, our system is made away with, and I contend it should be. As now conducted, it leads logically and inevi-

tably to the fate of Greece and Rome, for the education imparted is knowledge without morality. We cannot introduce into it, which as now formed, religious teachings. To the mind of the child by a system of religious education framed by the State is to violate the rights of the parent. No American with religious persuasions will deny this, and no one would sooner rouse against such coercion than he, for it would be a violation of the sacred right of liberty of conscience. Hence we must either change our present system or form a Godless nation. We must change, unless we are fools in our wisdom. One more objection I would bring against our present system, and the mention of it should touch the pride of every American, and rouse his innate love of justice. We, Americans, vaunt and boast our hatred of the union of Church and State; our right of free belief; our love of fair play; our respect for the rights of minorities: and yet we give the lie to ourselves, and fall far below the monarchies of Europe, when we tax the six millions of Catholics, and yet refuse them a share in the benefit thereof. We refuse them a share, because we place it where they in conscience cannot use it, and hence we act in the same way as we would in forbidding them the benefit in justice due them. We have Taxation without Representation. Is this right? Is this even politic? Here I will rest cause, and on these two grounds do I protest against our present system, on its evident tendency to infidelity, and on the injustice of Taxation without Representation.

Three ways are open to us: to educate as I have laid down; to retain our present system; or to have no public, free education. As to the last, ignorance leads a nation to servitude. It brings a Cæsar to rule the people. Shall we then retain our present system? Godless education may for a time be endured by a people, but it as inevitably leads to the same end, to anarchy, followed by the iron heel and absolute sway of Cæsar's rule. Education with morality is all that can keep a nation free. Let us cherish it as becomes Americans. It is the safeguard of our liberties; it is the refuge of our rights. Guided by it, we shall prosper, and without it we shall fall, mayhap never to rise. We must be free, for we feel we cannot be otherwise. Let us not add another to the list of those who fought and died for the freedom they never gained. We cannot be free without education, and we cannot be educated without morality.

The Hudson.

Aside from romantic beauty, the banks of the Hudson have an interest which to the historical student is far more enchanting than their natural grandeur. Her winding banks are everywhere marked by the reminiscences of battle-fields and fortifications of the revolutionary war; besides, they are studded with romantic haunts which form the subject of many an interesting story.

As everyone has a natural liking either to see in person the relics of bygone times, or to read of them as described by some one who has seen them, we will relate some of the most important events which took place on this river. On the Jersey side of the river, near a small place called Weehawken, is the spot where the duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton took place. This occurred during Jefferson's administration, on the 11th of July, 1804. Aaron Burr, the Vice-President, was both in law and in general politics Hamilton's most bitter opponent. At last Burr challenged Hamilton to a duel, and the latter accepted.

They fixed Weehawken as the place for the meeting. It was Hamilton's intention not to return fire, and this he carried out; but Burr was determined; he took deadly aim, and at his first shot Hamilton fell. It is also remarked that the very spot where Hamilton fell is the place where his eldest son had fallen a short time before, also a victim to a barbarous custom of those times. A small spot of ground once marked the place, but it is now almost forgotten. Burr with that shot blasted his own reputation, and lost the remarkable address and magnetism which had previously made him such a favorite with all his friends and acquaintance. From the time of the duel, Burr was ostracized, lived in poverty, and died in distress.

Near to the same suburban town of Weehawken is the place where Joseph Bonaparte lived in exile, and not far from Bonaparte's seclusion is the house where Audubon, the great naturalist, lived for many years. From its mouth to its head, every mile is marked like the pages of a history. Here not only is the name of Henry Hudson ever to be remembered, but also the deeds of Major André and Benedict Arnold, which are printed on every flashing bubble of the glistening stream. To the tourist on the river, the ruins of old Smith's cabin, wherein Arnold hatched his treason, is ever an object of note. Every American takes an indescribable interest in tracing each point connected with the campaign. The place where Arnold arrived in Haverstraw Bay, in a small boat, with his treasonable documents in his pocket, is still remembered by certain marks. There it was that André and Arnold consulted, and from thence André crossed in a small boat to a little landing below the well-known village of Sing Sing. Thence following the path through the woods to Tarrytown, he, while on his way to New York, was commanded by the volunteer trio to "halt." Arnold, it seems, had some private troubles; these drove him into a passion, and he committed some misdemeanors. He was at one time publicly mobbed, and was afterwards reprimanded by Washington, who performed his duty gently and considerately. After a short time Arnold secured from Washington the command at West Point, then the most important point in America. Stung by disgrace, and the want of money, Arnold resolved to gratify his passion by betraying his country. He made a proposition to Clinton, with whom he had previously held correspondence, to surrender his command to the British. The proposal was eagerly accepted, and Major André appointed to confer with Arnold. André ascended the river in a small boat called the Vulture. While lying at anchor waiting for André to return, it was attacked and had to leave without him. André was therefore compelled to return to New York by the road. He had passed as far as Tarrytown, when three men sprang from an ambuscade, seized the horse by the reins and commanded him to alight, which he immediately did. Having accosted him for a few moments, they determined to search him. Having done so, and found nothing of interest, they finally compelled him to pull off his boots, in which they found some papers that proved him to be a spy. He was then locked up for a short time to await his trial. When the trial came off he was found guilty, and executed. The exact spot where he was captured is still marked by a large monument. It is situated in the eastern part of the village of Tarrytown, in a private lawn. The monument is about seven feet square, and on it is an inscription which we cannot now recall. About five miles from this village is the battle-field of White Plains. Wash-

ington, having evacuated New York, advanced up the river, and stationed his troops at this place. Shortly after he was attacked by General Howe, who defeated a part of his army.

Besides the historic memories which are wound in and out on every bend of this beautiful river, it is interesting because of the many persons of note in science, art, and letters who have lived and are still living on its banks. We will mention a few of these. There is no person who is any great lover of reading who has not read the stories of "Queechy" and the "Wide Wide World." The authoress of these is Miss Warner. Her little house is situated on the edge of the river, and the cars on the H. R. R. are rushing by it every hour.

On the summit of the pallisades is situated an old brown house, where in his quiet laboratory a gray-haired enthusiast named Morse worked night and day despite the jeers of the world. The house, lofty, firm and roomy, stands in its old place yet, and about it lingers the grand individuality of its owner, and at the front of the hill the wire strands take on their threadlike path the words which bring together, so to say, the opposite ends of the world. The earth is now girdled by cables and wires, and from the house on the Hudson came the inventor who annihilated time and space. On the left bank of the river stands an old-fashioned house, almost hidden from view by a cluster of trees, which was the residence of Martin Van Buren for many years before his death. On a gentle slope the house of Cole, the great artist is still standing. It was here that he produced his famous set of allegorical pictures entitled the "Voyage of Life," afterwards reproduced in steel engraving.

A few miles from Germanown stands a mansion in the Gothic style owned by the descendants of Chancellor Livingston, of Revolutionary fame. It is called Clairmont, after Fulton's first steamer. The name of Livingston will ever be associated with that of Fulton and his steamer. Had it not been for Livingston's encouragement and pecuniary aid, perhaps the frenzied Fulton would not have run his quaint little steamer, Clairmont, from New York to Albany in September, 1807—now seventy years ago. Fulton labored long, and often felt disheartened; but by the encouragement of Livingston he came out crowned with success. For many long years the Hudson boasted the only steamer in the world.

About thirty-five miles up the east bank is the home-stead of Washington Irving. We deem it unnecessary to say anything of this favorite writer. There can scarcely be any American who has not read the tales of Irving. His "Diedrich Knickerbocker," "Sleepy Hollow," "Dolf Heyliger," "Ichabod Crane" and "Rip Van Winkle" have become household names in our country. The house is still standing, and everything around it bespeaks the taste of its first owner. The plots of many of his tales are laid in Sleepy Hollow and Sunnyside.

The banks of the Hudson are also famous for many seats of learning, and also as being the homes of some of the richest men in America. The great Military Academy is situated at West Point, the School of Engineers at Albany, and Mt. St. Vincent's Academy for young ladies near Yonkers. Near the town of Rokeby is situated the mansion of Wm. B. Astor; near West Point is the mansion of ex-Secretary Fish; and near Front Hill is a residence which once belonged to Edwin Forrest, all which go to make the natural scenery more attractive.

MAY.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Two volumes of Letters of St. Jane Frances de Chantal have been published by Plon & C^o, Paris.

—D. Lothrop & Co. have begun the publishing of a quarterly eclectic record of American and Foreign books, to be known as "The Boston Book Bulletin."

—L'Abbé H. Fanien has written a book called "La Portioncule, ou le Grand Pardon d'Assise, son origine, son histoire, son excellence, sa pratique," of which two editions have been issued.

—J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, have published a popular edition of Sullivan's "New Ireland." Their editions are issued by special arrangement with the author's English publishers.

—The English Premier's Biography is now being published at St. Petersburg under the title of "Lord Beaconsfield Disraeli," the magnitude of which may be estimated from the fact that the first volume, which only carries the Premier's life down to 1846, consists of 750 pages.

—An important collection of Hebrew manuscripts has recently been brought to London, and the question of their purchase is now being considered by the authorities of the British Museum. They are forty in number, and come from Sana and Yemen. Thirteen of them are Biblical.

—Mr. Elliot Stock, of Paternoster Row, has reproduced in *fac-simile* the original manuscript of the "Christian Year," as it came first from the hands of John Keble. It is true it does not contain all the sixty or seventy poems which make up the printed volume, but we have in it those Morning and "Evening Hymns" which have become classics in the language.

—Very Rev. Dean Neville, D. D., for many years the intimate friend of the late Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, is writing a life of that illustrious Prelate. Besides the personal knowledge the Dean possesses of the life, labors, learning, and virtues of the late Prelate, the executors have handed over to him many valuable documents and correspondence, found amongst the archives of the Bishop's library. Considering the work before him, and taking into consideration the arduous duties attached to the Dean's position in this ancient diocese, we can see that his hands will be full for some months to come; but when the volume issues from the press, we are satisfied that it will be worthy of the great subject and biographer. The learned Dean, we are also informed, has kindly consented to edit the Sermons, Pastorals, Allocutions, Retreats, &c., &c., delivered by the late erudite Prelate during his episcopacy, which will form a valuable addition to the sacred eloquence and Ascetic Theology of the Irish Church.

—The *Academy* says: "By the death of Miss Julia Kavanagh, at Nice, on the 20th ult., English literature has been deprived of an accomplished novelist and a skilled writer of biography. She was the only child of Morgan Kavanagh, a gentleman of some note in his time as the author of curious books on the science and source of language. Of Irish birth (she was born at Thurles in 1824) a residence in France for some years of her early life gave her a practical knowledge of the manners of French life and the traditions of French literature. In her twentieth year she returned to London, and at once entered upon literature as a profession. Her first work, entitled, "Three Paths," a simple story for children, appeared in 1847; but her first step in her new life was won by the publication in 1848 of "Madeline, a Tale of Auvergne." This was soon followed by "Women in France during the Eighteenth Century." About 1853 she solaced her arduous labors by a lengthened visit to France, Switzerland, and Italy. The fruits of her travels were seen in 1858, on the appearance of "Summer and Winter in the two Sicilies." She again returned in 1862 to the familiar scenes of French literature, with two volumes on "French Women of Letters," and the favorable reception accorded to these volumes prompted the issue next year of a companion work on "English Women of Letters." It would be impossible to mention the names of the novels from her pen which passed through the press in rapid succession. "Adele," (1858) and "Queen Mab" (1863) were probably the most popular. Many of them received the honor of more than one edition, and nearly all

were republished and warmly welcomed in America. If her novels were not distinguished for depth of thought or profound grasp of character, they were all remarkable for gracefulness of style and much poetic feeling. Of Julia Kavanagh, if of few other English female novelists, it may be emphatically said that she left 'no line which dying she could wish to blot.'

Scientific Notes.

—An expedition under the auspices of the French Government is to be sent to San Francisco to observe the transit of Mercury, which occurs on May 6, 1878.

—A series of deep-sea researches after the manner of the Challenger investigations, is to be instituted toward the close of next year, in the Bay of Bengal and the Indian ocean, by an expedition under the direction of the Government of India.

—It has been remarked by Dr. Reichenau that generally birds which have open nests produce colored eggs, while those that have covered or concealed nests lay white eggs. The color of the eggs serve as a protective, and may possibly be due to the action of the principle of selection.

—M. Fabre has introduced to the notice of the French Academy of Sciences an American vine, of the species *riparia*, which is not attacked by phylloxera, gives cuttings readily, can be grafted easily from French species of vines, thrives in almost any kind of soil, and grows rapidly.

—In experiments with nitro-glycerine M. Brull finds that when a portion of it is suddenly heated to 180 deg. centigrade, explosion ensues, but the statement that a gradual heating of nitro-glycerine to 193 degs. results in simple decomposition, without ignition or detonation, is questioned.

—Spurious wines appear to be very extensively manufactured in Berlin. One of the largest houses in the city, that pretended to deal only in pure wine suitable for medicinal purposes, had actually nothing else in stock but artificial mixtures of spirit and sugar to which some flavoring essences were added.

—The University of Upsala, Sweden, is at present attended by 1,395 students, of whom one-half are included in the philosophical faculty. The corps of teachers embraces sixty-three ordinary and extraordinary professors, and fifty-four *privatdozenten*. Of these eighty-two are in the philosophical faculty.

—Imitation gems of the corundum variety—blue, red, and purple sapphire, etc.—have at length been successfully produced by M. Fell, of Paris. The color is the result of using small quantities of metallic oxides. The mass is worked with boracic acid, and in order to make large gems, the discoverer says it is necessary to keep the mixture under constant heat for several weeks.

—A dealer of London, England, has lately received from Moscow an aquamarine weighing over six and one-half ounces, without a blemish and of a deep sea-green tint. He has also received from the same city a remarkably fine topaz, said to be worth \$56,000. These gems have been, it is thought, forced into the market by the pressure of hard times induced in Russia through the present war.

—Mr. Darwin must look to his laurels. A Japan correspondent says that he saw wrought in inlaid wood on a door in the great temple of Ligmoto, a scene showing first a monkey, then an ape, then a gorilla, and so on up by gradual development until the final one of the series was a perfect man, surrounded by elephants and curious birds. The door was several hundred years old.

—Sir Rutherford Alcock, in his inaugural address before the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, has made an earnest appeal to the British to join in the work of civilizing Africa. He said that since the great discoveries of the fifteenth century so magnificent a field for well-directed effort had never presented itself. Three great objects were to be kept in view in regenerating Africa: "The development of a vast trade, the civilization of the people, and the suppression of the slave trade." Great Britain had, he stated, during the last seventy years, expended in abolishing slavery not less than £70,000,000. He believed that there were no great obstacles in the way

of at once commencing to supersede the trade in human beings by legitimate commerce.

Books and Periodicals.

—We have received the *Irish-American Almanac* for 1878. It is a work highly creditable to the compilers, and will without doubt have a large sale. Besides the calendars, etc., the volume contains many readable articles, biographies, etc. Price, 25 cts. Publishers, Lynch, Cole & Meehan, No. 57 Murray St., New York.

—We have just received the January number of *Our Young Folks' Magazine*, which is now entering upon its second year. This excellent magazine for young people contains stories of travel and adventure, sketches of natural history, anecdotes, puzzles, etc., etc., etc. It is the best magazine of its kind in the United States; and all who would keep their children from the Frank Leslie sensational, soul-destroying literature should subscribe for it. Young boys must have something to read, and this magazine is the something to be given them.

—The *Catholic World* for January comes to us filled with choice and instructive reading. The articles are varied and will repay a careful reading. The contents are: I, Between the Years; II, Christianity as an Historical Religion; III, To the Witch-Hazel; IV, The Wolf-Tower; V, Mr. Froude on the Decline of Protestantism; VI, A Ramble after the Waits; VII, The Descent of Man; VIII, Mickey Casey's Christmas Dinner-Party; IX, Catholic "Circles" for Working-men in France; X, The River's Voice (Poem); XI, Papal Elections; XII, How Steenwykerwold was Saved; XIII, The Year of Our Lord 1877; XIV, New Publications.

—We have the one great fault to find with *The Popular Science Monthly* that its articles savor a little too much of Materialism. Were it not for this we could give it great praise. As it is, the *Monthly* is a necessity to the man of science. The contents of the January number, now before us, are: I, The Growth of the Steam-Engine; II, Health-Matters in Japan; III, Illustrations of the Logic of Science; IV, The Archer-Fishes; V, Temperaments; VI, The Ice Age; VII, Teachings of a Day; VIII, History of the Dynamical Theory of Heat; IX, Style; X, Our Six-Footed Rivals; XI, Sketch of Prof. Joseph Le Conte (With Portrait); XII, Correspondence; XIII, Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany; Notes.

New Music.

—From Oliver Ditson & Co. we have an acceptable budget of new music, including a Romance by Rubinstein; (whose portrait appears on the title), an elegant Mazurka called *Frauenlob*, which means "Praise the Ladies," and an easy and pretty Transcription of "Sweet By-and-By," by Warren. There is also Gounod's pure and sweet song, "The White Dove," the German Folks-Sing called "The Little Bird," with German and English words, and lastly "Come and Cheer Me, Little Treasure," simple song and chorus of the kind that most people like to sing."

—*Hugh Gough*, of Boroughbridge, was a rough soldier on a furlough, but a man of doughty deeds in war, though before he fought for this country he was a thorough, doughty-faced ploughman. His horse having been houghed in an engagement with the enemy, *Hugh* was taken prisoner, and, I ought to add, was kept on a short enough clough of food, and suffered from drought as well as from hunger. Having on his return home drank too large a draught of usquebaugh, he became intoxicated, and was laughing, coughing and hic-coughing by a trough, against which he sought to steady himself. There he was accused by another rough, who showed him a cough which he had caught on a clough near; also the slough of a snake, which he held at the end of a tough bough of a cough-tree, and which his shaggy shough had found and had brought to him from the entrance of a cough which ran through and drained a slough that was close to a lough in the neighborhood.

—A magpie was in the habit of hiding bits of food, not immediately wanted, in some long grass at the bottom of a row of iron hurdles. This herd was discovered, and often robbed by a favorite terrier. One morning Mag was observed in great excitement, hopping and chattering incessantly, rapidly repeating every word in his vocabulary at the dog, who was busily engaged in rifling the storehouse. In his search, however, he passed over a tuft of grass in which a piece of beef was concealed; Mag was at the spot in an instant, drew forth the treasure, and securely fixed it on the highest bar of the hurdles, far above the dog's reach. He then, at a little distance, began pluming his feathers, chattering to himself with a very self-satisfied air, and occasionally hopping back to take another look at his recovered meal, evidently priding himself on his skill. The conduct of this magpie is quite in keeping with the old adage of "Set a thief to catch a thief." His pilfering habits are notorious. He is also a sad poacher. Not only the eggs, but the young of pheasants, partridges and other game are destroyed by the magpie; nor are the unfledged chickens or ducklings of the farm-yard safe from his mischievous attacks. In captivity he is very amusing, and notwithstanding his thieving propensities, no one can contemplate his dark, arch eye, his inquisitiveness, his familiarity, and hear his efforts at mimicry, without interest. That he is not wholly devoid of grateful feelings, the following anecdote shows: A favorite magpie had been accustomed to receive dainty bits from the mouth of its mistress. One day it perched as usual upon her shoulder and inserted its beak between her lips, not as it proved to receive, but (as the good turn deserves another) the grateful bird dropped an immense green fat caterpillar into the lady's mouth.—[Leisure Hours.]

It is very curious to observe the regularity with which we are told in the autumn that the "first frost changes the color of the leaves," whereas the frost has nothing to do with the change. It has indeed sometimes happened in New England that the foliage has change as if by magic in a single night. So that, upon looking out of the window in the morning the eye was surprised with the spectacle of the world well-nigh on fire; and since this transformation took place in connection with the mercury at a low point, the whole affair is referred to the agency of Jack Frost. But why not refer to this prest-digitator the glowing tints of the apple, the rich crimson of the velvet peach, and the purple of the plum? Many years ago this error was pointed out by an eminent botanist, who showed that the gorgeous color of the autumn leaf came in regular process of ripening; and though botany is taught in schools, the old notion comes back with the beavers every year, showing that error, in common with truth, especially when supported by the *vox populi*, "rises again," however deservedly crushed to earth. Leaves find their parallel in man, as already observed, and, like the human species, they may ripen suddenly. If, however, any one chooses to make a mystery of the *intensity* of the autumnal colors, there should be no great difficulty in explaining the *variety*. Indeed, the apparent superiority over the strength of color in the foliage on the Continent of Europe may be attributed chiefly to this variety. In Great Britain the climate is evidently unfavorable to the production of bright forest-tones, but in parts of Germany the brilliancy of certain kinds of leaves is quite equal to that of the corresponding varieties in North America. At the same time the greens of Europe are quite different from those of our land, where, beginning with the burnt green in the South, we pass northward along the Atlantic seaboard, reaching the true green of the greatest of the hay producing States, the State of Maine. Every one has noticed the unparalleled green of the "Emerald Isle," which becomes a pale sea-green in Scotland, a whitish-green in the south of England and in France—only to change to an ashen-green in Germany, and a sombre olive in the Italian States. But we were remarking upon the variety of the autumnal tints in our own country. This is explained by the fact that while in Europe there are only forty trees that attain to a height of thirty feet, in North America there are no less than one hundred and forty—hence our forests flash like the plane-tree that "the Persian adorns with his mantles and jewels.—*Catholic Standard*."

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, December 29, 1877.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame Ind., and of others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the ELEVENTH year of its existence, greatly improved, and with a larger circulation than at the commencement of any former year.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:
choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical and Literary Gossip of the day.

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal Gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

A weekly digest of the news at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all, let us all take it.

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THE STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

The Passing Year.

In a few days the year 1877 will be numbered among the past. It seems but a fortnight since we welcomed its birth. How many changes have taken place! Lips that on its birth wished us "A happy New Year" have since been sealed in death! hearts that beat warmly with high hopes for the future are now as cold as the marble that marks their resting place. How many good resolutions has it seen broken, brilliant anticipations clouded, and plighted vows discarded! How many hearts has it beheld crushed, bleeding, as the grave closed from their sight their nearest and dearest friends! How often has it witnessed the death of the young, the pure and the beautiful! Its brief career is covered with man's actions, laden with acts of charity and cruelty,—deeds that make the angels weep and rejoice. It is now swiftly and sadly departing to the realms of Eternity, with deeds that it were better for the name of man had never been committed. Nor can wealth, power or influence stay its onward course or erase one line from its fearful record.

Its first-born, Spring, made its appearance—its smile disclosing the beauties of nature, releasing with its warm breath the streams from their icy manacles, welcoming the feathered warblers of the forest, opening the tender petals of the lily and rose, wafting their sweet fragrance on the air—its genial smiles softening the rudeness of the earth, and even creeping into the heart of man, compelling him to bless his Creator—its softening rays reminding man that the time had arrived to cultivate the soil in order to reap its fruits. But at length Spring, the beautifier of nature, the delight of childhood, the staff of old age, the loveliest of the seasons, took her departure 'midst the murmur of the fountains. She was succeeded by her queen-sister, Summer, who came clothed in robes of green. At

her approach all nature arose, chanting the praises of the great Creator.

She perfected the work her sister had begun: the trees of the forest were covered with leaves, offering us shelter from the mid-day sun; she presented us with a profusion of the most luscious fruits, inviting us to partake of their sweetness; she strewed the earth with innumerable flowers whose beauty pleased the eye and whose fragrant odor was borne on every breeze to delight the senses; she invited us to wander through wood and forest, to feast our eyes on the wondrous works of her Creator. At night she spangled the heavens with millions of golden stars, inviting us to raise our thoughts and hearts on high. After bringing all the fruits of the earth to maturity, she introduced her brother Autumn, and departed. He lingered for a few days, admiring the work of his sister; but he is unable to impart her smiles. The leaves of the trees assume the most varied and beautiful colors—but alas! the hand of death is already upon them. The ear is no longer delighted with the songs of the birds; the days become shorter and the evenings cooler; the leaves drop one by one on the damp earth; the naked trees look on in despair at the decay of nature, and even man partakes of the melancholy that hangs over the world. Whatever disappointments or sorrows, he resigns himself in pensive meditation over them. The leaves, the withered roses, remind him of cherished hopes long since crushed to the earth; the fallen leaves, the dead flowers, the short days and the dirge of the warning that he too is mortal, and that he should be ripe in good works when the reaper, Death, comes to gather him into the harvest. After changing the face of nature, Autumn takes his leave to make way for dread Winter. He makes his appearance attended by hail, wind and snow. All nature bows at his approach. The shrubs and trees surrender the last remnant of their vesture at his appearance; the brooks cease their murmuring as he advances to embrace them, and his cold breath arrests the onward course of the rivers. He casts his shroudlike mantle on the earth, and all nature is compelled to wear in All the beauties of the other seasons that gave us so much pleasure perish at his approach.

These are questions that force themselves at this season of the year upon all, but especially on the *student*. He is freed from the cares of the world,—away from its distractions and temptations, in order that he may improve himself and benefit society at large. The world depends on the schools for its future men; and although we may be of small account in our own estimation, and perhaps in the estimation of our professors, yet society will expect some return for the time spent at school.

At this season of the year the merchant takes an in-

ventory of his goods and balances his accounts, in order to discover his profits and make preparations for the coming year. The mechanic counts up his savings of the closing year, places it out at interest in order that the original capital may increase. We too should carefully go over our books in order that we may be able to discover our mental gains and consider how we may increase them. If we find that we are deficient, we should set to work like the cautious merchant, to discover the cause of our deficiency—and having discovered it, resolve to employ our time in such a manner as will in a measure make up for the loss. The school is the market in which we have invested our capital, *time*, and we are sure to obtain an equivalent in proportion to the manner we employ our capital.

In the world, two persons may commence business with equal capital; one will become wealthy, the other bankrupt. The success of the one, the failure of the other, are owing to the different manner in which they employed their capital. We have found by experience that Euclid was correct when he asserted that "there was no royal road to knowledge," no pretended machines for turning out ready-made educated men. The paths leading to the mount are narrow and rugged, often strewn with thorns. He who desires to reach the summit must not expect to ride, nor will the surmounting of a few obstacles make the road clear. Mountains must be scaled, rocks climbed, and streams forded; nor must we tarry along about the gardens of pleasure or the bowers of ease. We may possess brilliant genius, but unless we court comely applications we will never gain our object.

Order.

The habit of order, or regularity, is one which all should strive to possess, but unfortunately it is one which many disregard in a greater or less degree.

Young people, in particular, should strenuously endeavor to acquire a habit of order in all their undertakings. It has been asserted by an eminent writer that young men are hindered more by a want of order than by any other cause from arriving at positions of honor and great usefulness. Nothing great can ever be achieved, even though we possess many brilliant qualities, without order, which disposes in a proper manner the means necessary to the accomplishment of any end. From this may be seen the necessity of cultivating, from earliest youth, habits of order and regularity. Without them, little can be achieved; with them, everything is possible. From an active and energetic mind much may be expected, but if we perceive order is wanting to it we readily conclude that there is that possibility of failure, even in important matters.

The want of order is with some a constitutional defect; with others, the result of habit,—or perhaps, more correctly speaking, the want of a proper training. Now there is no place better adapted to assist a young man in obtaining the great qualification above spoken of—no place in which surrounding circumstances combine in assisting him to obtain it better than at college. Here, order is the rule, not for one, but for all; and the force of example is a greater help than any other to those who would lay aside any disorderly habits they may have heretofore acquired.

But even in college the old habits will not be conquered or put away without an effort at obtaining the mastery,

and people are occasionally to be met with who wish to have exceptions made in their favor—exceptions from rules laid down by experienced men for the good government and happiness of those committed to their care. It is quite evident that one who tries in every possible manner to evade certain rules to which he should rather submit with as good a grace as possible, is out of the way which leads to a habit of order and regularity. Were such a one to reflect seriously upon the matter, and weigh well his own interests, he would undoubtedly find that true happiness consists not in evading laws and rules, but in faithfully observing them, for what is done at first by constraint soon becomes a habit, and from being disagreeable becomes a source of true pleasure, for a victory over one's irregular self gives a wise man more pleasure than anything else.

With young persons it appears to be, not unfrequently, a sort of forgetfulness, which begets in them this want of regularity; but what now seems only the trifling fault of forgetfulness will not avail them anything in after life, when they find themselves grown old in disorderly habits, habits that proved unconquerable and will follow them to the grave, but which a few slight efforts in youth would have enabled them to overcome.

The man of order never inconveniences himself or others by irregularity or by insubordination to those regulations and restrictions that have been imposed by those who understand human nature and would curb its evil propensities. The man of order is known by his very appearance. In society, as at home, he will always prove himself the true type of a gentleman, by carefully avoiding the violation of even the least of the rules proper to good behavior; and he is one with whom it is a pleasure to associate. If we carefully examine into the lives of great men, we will find them, as a rule, to have been thoroughly imbued, even from earliest boyhood, with a love of order, and the lives of great men can in this much be imitated by the intelligent youth of our age. Would it not therefore be advisable for young men to copy this excellent characteristic, and lay the foundation for a life of usefulness that will end only at the grave?—nay, even, the fruits of which will embalm their memories long after they have departed for a better world.

The disorderly man has few, if any, friends, while the man of order is beloved by all. The one is always unhappy, and renders every one with whom he comes in contact as unhappy as himself, while the other is a model of contentment. As nothing great can be accomplished without earnest application to the object in view, so nothing great can be accomplished with any degree of success without order, for order is Heaven's first law.

Personal.

—We are pleased to see Rev. Father Cooney with us again.

—John Lambin (Commercial), of '77, paid us a visit during the holidays.

—Edward O'Brien (Commercial), of '68, is in the *Globe Democrat* office, St. Louis, Mo.

—William B. Small (Commercial), of '68, is in the lumber business at Wilmington, Ill.

—Arthur Murphy (Commercial), of '68, is connected with the Lindell House, St. Louis, Mo.

—John J. Gillen, of '75, received tonsure at the late ordinations at Troy, N. Y. Mr. Gillen belongs to the diocese of Boston.

—Burritt Hinsdale, of '68, is considered by the New Yorkers one of the best phonographers in the United States.

—E. Gillen (Commercial), of '72, died at his father's residence, South Bend, Ind., on Wednesday, Dec. 12th. His funeral took place on Dec. 14th.

—Mr. John Gibbons, of '67, of Keokuk, Iowa, has been visiting his brother, Hon. P. Gibbons, of South Bend. We were pleased to see him at Notre Dame.

—M. Dillon (Commercial), of '77, and P. W. Hennessy, also of '77, have entered into partnership and are doing a good business at Valparaiso, Indiana.

—The Hon. John Gibbons, of Keokuk, Iowa, is in the city, visiting his brother at the Grand Central. He paid us a call on Saturday last and we find him a very pleasant and agreeable gentleman.—*South Bend Herald*.

—As we were preparing for press we had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Wm. J. Clarke, of '74. He has been for some time engaged in the profession of the law in Columbus, Ohio, where for a young practitioner he has succeeded in working up an excellent practice.

—It is seldom that a newspaper man is called upon to write up a local like the following; as we are compelled to do so we will make the best of it. The truth is, that L. G. Tong, in his right mind, without being asked, called at our office and paid for a professional card and subscription for THE HERALD for two years in advance. Think of this, ye newspaper editors, and then say times are not getting brighter.—*South Bend Herald*.

Local Items.

—A happy new year!

—The lakes have been open all winter.

—So far, we may consider this winter a failure.

—The Seniors had quite a sociable Christmas evening.

—The great American humorist has started on his travels.

—The boys remaining here have made out to enjoy themselves.

—The Scholastic has been removed to the Presbytery building.

—Santa Claus paid his usual visit to the Minims on Christmas Eve.

—To one and all of our one thousand subscribers we wish A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—The Psalms sung at Vespers to-morrow are the same as those sung on Christmas Day.

—The pupils of the Manual Labor School enjoyed a merry Christmas; everything about their house goes on finely.

—The Editor of the SCHOLASTIC thanks B. Crispinian for a fine lunch furnished a number of young gentlemen on Wednesday.

—Messrs. A. Burger and F. Cavanaugh have taken charge of the Juniors' study-hall during the absence of G. Sugg and G. Cassidy.

—The members of the First Grammar Class speak of the lunch given them by their teacher as the "boss lunch of the season."

—It was a comic spectacle to see about fifty or sixty Seniors last Friday in pursuit of a rabbit; he outran the Juniors a few days before.

—The Juniors are under obligation to B. Edward for a large table for their play-hall. It comes very useful during the holidays to play authors, checkers, etc.

—Boxes by the wholesale arrived during the week. The boys all seem to be very generous in sharing the contents of their boxes between their chums and companions.

—Prof. Edwards allowed all the students free access to the Circulating Library during the holidays. Besides, receiving papers from Rev. Father Hudson, and others, they were in nowise short of reading matter.

—On Christmas Eve: Matins and Lauds were solemnly chanted. After the Office, Solemn High Mass at midnight

was sung at which all the students attended. Solemn High Mass was also sung at 10 o'clock. In the afternoon solemn Vespers were sung.

—The *Catholic Mirror* of Baltimore, Md., issued, Dec. 22d, its Christmas supplement of four pages, containing a number of interesting Catholic tales. The *Mirror* shows every sign of prosperity. It is a really good paper, and deserves the support which we believe it receives.

—Each number of *Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine* contains thirty-two pages of reading, many fine wood cut illustrations, and one colored plate. It is a beautiful garden magazine, printed on elegant paper, and full of information. In English and German. Price, \$1.25 a year; five copies, \$5.00. *Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden*, 50 cents in paper covers; in elegant cloth covers, \$1.00. *Vick's Catalogue*,—300 illustrations, only 2 cents. Address, James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

—Rev. Father L'Etourneau received on Christmas Day a beautifully decorated top for the new organ in the Chapel of the Portiuncula. It comes, as did the organ, from the manufactory of Messrs. Clough & Warren, Detroit, and is really a handsome piece of work. It is surmounted by a finely proportioned ornamental cross, finished in oil to suite the style of the organ. It is truly a novelty in parlor organs, and well adapts these organs for chapels and religious houses.

—The *Catholic Review* comes out with a Christmas supplement filled with good reading. The *Review* is an earnest and eloquent defender of the Church. The proprietors have on hand a project which we believe will be successful and will supply a long-felt want. They have begun the publication of what they call the *Vatican Library* of amusing, entertaining and instructive Catholic literature. The first volume of the series is *Fabiola*, price 25 cts. This will be followed by other works of merit to cost even less. We wish the enterprise good speed.

—The weather has, during the past week or two, been such as scarcely the oldest inhabitant has ever seen in this northern latitude of ours. Alternating with smiles and tears, it gives no idea of winter, but rather resembles early June. No frost, no snow. Sometimes genial and balmy, at others drizzly or foggy. Open air exercises are in order betimes, and fuel is at a discount. We were hoping to see the boats out on the lake during Christmas, but in this we were disappointed, although the weather was more than favorable. If the warm spell continues we should not be much surprised to see them out at New Years.

—On Thursday of last week, Rev. Father Zahm gave the second lecture in his course, the subject chosen being Magnetism and Electro-Magnetism. He treated the subject at length, and gave many practical illustrations of it. The kinds of magnets known were explained and shown. The means and ways of forming the artificial were thoroughly illustrated. The magnetism of the earth, and the formation of magnetic bars when inclined to the dip, next engaged his attention. Then the connection between magnetism and electricity was explained, and the theories thereon founded were unfolded. At the conclusion of his lecture the Rev. Father treated the audience to a number of views with the lantern.

—The Senior and Junior departments joined together and held a grand *soirée* on Wednesday evening in the Senior study-hall. The instrumental music was furnished by the Senior Orchestra, and was excellent. Jigs and clogs were danced by Messrs. J. Prudhomme, J. Devine, and J. Stewart. A declamation was given by Mr. E. Arnold in a very effective manner. A stump speech was given amid great applause by Mr. J. Prudhomme, who finished up with an excellent rendition of his famous song, "The Medical Student." Mr. W. Jones also addressed the audience in some soul-stirring remarks. The applause which greeted him was immense. There were other things given, and the fun ran high, but we have no further space.

—The editor of the *Ave Maria* announces that during the following year Lady Georgiana Fullerton, author of "Ellen Middleton," "Grantley Manor," "Lady Bird," etc., has promised, if health permits, to contribute during the year a new story which will be duly announced. It will replace the charming story, "Nora," now publishing, which

grows in interest as it draws towards the close. He hopes to have the pleasure of publishing an occasional contribution from the eminent poet, Aubrey de Vere, whose verses have graced the pages of the *Ave Maria* in times past. The author of "Tyborne" has sent him the first instalment of a charming new story, written expressly for the *Ave Maria*, entitled "The Stoneleighs of Stoneleigh." Henri Lasserre, the renowned author of "Our Lady of Lourdes," whose literary labors are consecrated exclusively to our Blessed Lady, has promised to contribute something on his chosen theme. Eliza Aileen Starr, so favorably known to the readers of the *Ave Maria*, remarkable for grace and tenderness, and beautiful simplicity of style, will be, as heretofore, a frequent contributor. Rev. Father Adam, whose letters and sketches have been so widely read and so much admired, will continue to instruct and entertain all by descriptions of the famous Shrines of the Blessed Virgin in Spain, etc. The Misses Howe, the gifted authors of "A Visit to Louise Lateau," "Pilgrimages Abroad," "The Feast of the Holy Rosary at the Tomb of St. Dominic," etc., etc., will recall other delightful memories of foreign lands for their admiring readers. He hopes to be able to publish during the year a sketch of the Life of the illustrious and Ven. Father Libermann, who died in the odor of sanctity only a few years ago. He was a Jewish convert, and was distinguished for his tender devotion to the Mother of God. The name of the American Adelaide Procter, Eleanor C. Donnelly, is a familiar one to the readers of the *Ave Maria*. We are happy to assure them of the continuance of her poetical contributions, which have always been so highly appreciated. "Arthur" will not only continue to send his occasional letters from Rome, but will contribute other articles from time to time. His account of the "Caravita" in Rome, which appeared in a recent number, delighted every one. Besides the above, he announces a series of articles on the Blessed Virgin from the graceful and able pen of Mgr. Gaume, which are now being translated for the *Ave Maria*. Also "Rays from the Tabernacle," by M. L. M., Author of the "Confessors of Connaught," "Stars of Our Lady," etc., whose sketches are so lively and entertaining. The publication of this series was announced for last year, but has been unavoidably delayed. A shorter story of great interest will soon be begun for the benefit of new subscribers. "Marie," A. M. G., Maurice F. Egan, R. V. R., and others, will continue their welcome contributions. He will continue to publish, as heretofore, the Weekly Bulletin of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, a record of remarkable cures effected by the miraculous water of Lourdes, etc. The *Ave Maria* numbers among its contributors several of the Rt. Rev and Rev. Clergy, who generously devote to it what time they can spare from other duties; also the distinguished author, Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, Author of "The Flemings," "Tangled Paths," etc., etc.; Kathleen O'Meara ("Grace Ramsay"), Mr. John O'Kane Murray, Author of the "Popular History of the Catholic Church in the U. S.," etc., the Author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," and others, from whom contributions may be expected more or less regularly. Several new writers have been engaged for the Children's Department, which he promises to make as entertaining and instructive as possible. A new story by the Author of "Tyborne," "The Wise Nun of Eastmire," etc., will begin the new year. Miss Eliza Allen Starr will also contribute to this department. An Account of the "City of St. Ambrose," in her happiest style, will appear in an early number. A charmingly written sketch of the Life of Columbus, prepared especially for this department of the *Ave Maria*, may be expected early in the year.

Roll of Honor.

[In the following are the names of those students who during the past week have by their exemplary conduct given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

E. F. Arnold, W. Arnold, M. W. Bannon, J. Boehm, J. E. Cooney, J. M. Devine, J. G. Ewing, L. J. Evers, J. J. Fitzgerald, R. Francis, J. Fuerstein, G. Goblé, H. Hagan, A. Hertzog, T. Hale, A. J. Hettinger, J. Kuebel, J. Kelly, P. W. Mattimore, W.

J. Murphy, J. Murphy, H. Murphy, J. D. Montgomery, F. C. Muellér, H. Maguire, J. J. McEniry, P. F. McCullough, J. J. McCologue, T. F. O'Grady, W. L. Prudhomme, R. Price, E. Poor, R. Routledge, J. Rother, J. Rice, G. Saxinger, F. Hellman, F. Walter.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. Abrahams, R. M. Anderson, J. Berteling, M. T. Burns, H. E. Canoll, J. Carrer, F. T. Clarke, A. J. Burger, R. French, L. Garceau, J. Guthrie, F. E. Carroll, F. Cavanaugh, J. L. Healy, C. Johnson, R. Johnson, W. Jones, J. Matthews, R. E. Keenan, J. R. Kelly, J. Lumley, J. A. Larkin, J. D. McNellis, T. O'Hara, R. Pleins, F. Pleins, J. L. Perea, E. J. Pennington, J. Schobey, S. Welty, F. Weisert, J. S. O'Donnell, J. L. Lemarie, A. Hamilton, J. R. Lawton.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. McDevitt, A. Bushey, C. Crennan, Jas. and J. Courtney, J. Seeger, F. Gaffney, R. Costello, C. Welty, C. Crowe, J. Crowe, S. Bushey, C. Bushey, C. Long, O. Farrelly, F. Farrelly, T. O'Neil.

Saint Mary's Academy.

—Miss Kate Young is visiting St. Mary's. She will remain for a few weeks.

—The ferns and primroses of the Studio are remarkably lovely this week. A fine plant of the last named is blossoming luxuriantly.

—The Seniors' Study Hall, the Sodality Room, and the Studio vie with each other in the cultivation of exotic plants. These house-plants impart a very cheerful aspect to the Academy.

—The pupils of the Art Department were much rejoiced a week or two ago to welcome back Miss Genevieve Walsh. She is an ardent lover of Art, and, endowed by nature with superior talents, bids fair to excell.

—The dormitory occupied by the Children of Mary is very beautiful. The white curtains of the beds are surmounted by azure blue canopies. The floor is carpeted with azure blue, and the entire room has assumed a very lovely appearance.

—Some very handsome scarfs for dear younger brothers, as well as for the beloved fathers of those who made them, have been praised by all who visited the work-room for the past month, also many lovely toilet articles have called forth equal admiration. It would be pleasant to give names but the list would be too long were all to be mentioned who deserve it.

—A large quantity of ornamental needle-work has been executed by the pupils to furnish Christmas gifts for friends. The greater proportion of this work has been painted in water-colors by the expert hands whose skill is the pride of St. Luke's Studio. Many toilet cushions, handkerchief-cases, watch-cases and the like, after finishing up in the ornamental work-room have been taken to receive their most complete touch, their master beauty, from the magic brush of the artist.

—Painting on "brick-a-brac," or "porcelain painting" has lately been introduced into St. Luke's Studio. This art is one deserving of warm encouragement. The greater the skill in painting the more beautiful and precious will be the work. Young ladies who do not know how to fill up time if they choose can not only employ their spare moments well, but can produce exquisite proofs of industry and talent to grace the festive board simply by giving attention to this new and interesting branch, that of painting on china ware. Miss Kate Young has brought specimens of her own work from Cincinnati. She intends to complete an entire table set. The skill she has acquired in the use of the brush under the shadow of St. Luke's Studio gives her a great advantage.

—On Monday evening the "Editorial Corps of *Rosa Mystica*, that is to say, the Graduating and First Senior Classes, were served to a delightful surprise feast in the ladies' refectory. Mother Superior presided at one table, and the Prefect of Studies at the other. Mrs. M. M. Phelan, Mrs. H. A. Redman and Miss Maude Mary Perley, were

present as invited guests. Wit and mirth, repartee and anecdote, interspersed with poetic and sage suggestions, rendered the occasion sweetly memorable. When the repast was over, Mother Superior remarked that the feast they had just partaken was but the auspicious introduction, as she trusted, to the beautiful Christmas season, and she said that she hoped those who were to leave St. Mary's to pass the holidays would find nothing more to mar their pleasure than had transpired at the little surprise feast of the Graduate and First Senior Classes.

—On Tuesday morning a large number of young ladies left the Academy to pass their Christmas holidays with their parents at home. The evening previous, Mother Superior assembled the pupils in the study-hall to address them, particularly those who were to leave on the approaching festivities. She expressed her regret at their early departure; but said that at present this could not be changed. She said that she was sorry for what must be, that those who remained, would be at least a week in advance of those who left. Their studies must of course suffer for the interruption. Nevertheless she merely touched upon this consideration, as she wished to dwell more especially upon the manner in which, while at home, the young ladies should prove their gratitude to parents and guardians. By way of introduction, she recommended great circumspection on their homeward journey, as well as on their return to St. Mary's; urging upon them, to display on the cars, and every where, that modesty and reserve which is ever impressed upon the deportment of the true lady.

Roll of Honor.

ACADEMIC COURSE.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses J. Cooney, B. Reynolds, A. Piet, M. Spier, P. Gaynor.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses M. Ewing, S. Moran, C. Boyce, B. Wilson.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses C. Silverthorne, M. Way, B. Thompson, A. Woodin, N. Davis, M. Danaher.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses M. Brown, T. Pleins, M. Galen, L. Otto, M. Sullivan, L. Schwass, K. Hackett, M. Wagoner, K. Riordan, A. Ewing, A. Kirchner, A. Gordon, M. Mulligan.

1ST PREP. CLASS—Misses M. Hayes, S. Rheinboldt, L. Chilton, E. Mulligan.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses M. Mullen, F. Fitz.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

JR. PREP. CLASS—Misses M. Hake, A. McKinnis, L. Fox, L. Wood, L. Ellis, N. Hackett, M. McFadden, L. French.

1ST JR. CLASS—Misses H. Lloyd, E. Wootton.

LANGUAGES.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

1ST LATIN CLASS—Misses J. Cooney, A. Piatt.

2D LATIN CLASS—Misses C. Silverthorne, M. Plattenburg, M. Luce, O. Franklin.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

1ST FRENCH CLASS—Misses C. Silverthorne, N. Keenan.

2D CLASS—Misses S. Moran, M. Ewing, N. Galen, B. Reynolds, J. Cooney.

3D CLASS—Misses A. Ewing, M. and E. Mulligan.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Danaher, L. Chilton, L. French.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

2D GERMAN CLASS—Misses A. Kirchner, D. Gordon.

2D DIV.—Miss S. Rheinboldt.

3D CLASS—Misses M. Way, C. Boyce.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

1ST CLASS—Misses B. Wilson and T. Pleins.

2D DIV.—Miss C. Silverthorne.

2D CLASS—Misses L. Kirchner, A. Harris, N. Keenan.

2D DIV.—Misses N. Galen, M. Spier.

3D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses G. Welch, A. Gordon.

4TH CLASS—Misses A. Kirchner, M. Brown, W. Dudley.

2D DIV.—Misses J. Cooney, P. Gaynor, K. Hackett.

5TH CLASS—Misses K. Riordan, M. Danaher, M. Mullen.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Way, B. Thompson, L. French.

6TH CLASS—Misses N. Hackett, S. Rheinboldt, C. Boyce, A. Thomas, M. Plattenburg, A. and M. Ewing.

2D DIV.—Miss E. Tighe.

7TH CLASS—Misses L. Chilton, M. Cox, A. McKinnis.

8TH CLASS—Misses L. Wood, L. Ellis.

9TH CLASS—Misses M. McFadden, E. Wootton.

ORGAN—Miss W. Dudley.

HARMONY—Misses Wilson, T. Pleins, L. Kirchner.

ART DEPARTMENT.

DRAWING.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

3D CLASS—Miss S. Rheinboldt.

4TH CLASS—Misses G. Welsh, M. Plattenburg, A. Kirchner.

5TH CLASS—Misses E. Mulligan, L. French.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

3D CLASS—Misses L. Kirchner, S. Moran, B. Reynolds, P. Gaynor, M. O'Connor.

4TH CLASS—Misses N. Davis, M. Spier.

OIL-PAINTING.

2D CLASS—Misses E. Lange, P. Gaynor, B. Reynolds.

4TH CLASS—Misses N. Davis, M. O'Connor.

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JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Gordon, A. Kirchner, M. Mulligan, L. Chilton, L. Ellis, L. Wood, L. Fox, A. McKinnis, M. Hake, L. French, E. Mulligan, 100 *par excellence*. Misses M. McFadden, M. Cox.

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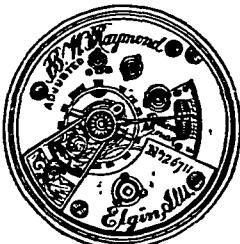
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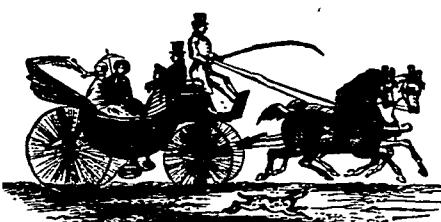
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Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov. 11, 1877.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago.....	7 00 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	8 45 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 00 p.m.
“ Mich. City...	9 28 “	11 10 “	6 20 “	7 35 “	11 15 “
“ Niles.....	10 45 “	12 15 “	8 14 “	9 00 “	12 35 a.m.
“ Kalamazoo...	12 35 p.m.	1 40 p.m.	10 00 “	10 26 “	2 17 “
“ Jackson.....	3 45 “	4 05 “	5 20 a.m.	12 50 a.m.	4 55 “
Ar. Detroit.....	6 45 “	6 30 “		3 35 “	8 00 “
Lv. Detroit.....	7 00 a.m.	9 35 a.m.		9 50 p.m.	6 20 p.m.
“ Jackson...	10 20 “	12 15 p.m.		12 45 a.m.	9 40 “
“ Kalamazoo...	1 15 p.m.	2 40 “	4 00 a.m.	2 53 “	2 25 a.m.
“ Niles.....	3 11 “	4 07 “	6 10 “	4 24 “	12 38 “
“ Mich. City...	4 40 “	5 20 “	7 50 “	5 47 “	4 15 “
Ar. Chicago.....	6 55 “	7 40 “	10 30 “	8 00 “	6 45 “

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.		*GOING SOUTH.	
Lv. So. Bend—8 45 a.m.	6 30 p.m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a.m. 4 15 p.m.
“ N. Dame—8 52 “	6 38 “	“ N. Dame—	7 40 “ 4 48 “
Ar. Niles—	9 25 “	7 15 “	Ar. So. Bend—7 45 “ 4 55 “

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted.

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High School or Acad. size, 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 in. shelf specimens			25	50	100	
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Send for the bulletin stating where you saw this advertisement.

A. E. FOOTE, M. D.

Prof. of Chemistry and Mineralogy,

Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science
Life Member of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences and of the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park, New York.

L. S. & M. S. Railway.

On and after Sunday, Sept. 24, 1877, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2 25 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9 50; Cleveland 2 20 p.m.; Buffalo 8 05 p.m.

1 105 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 25 p.m.; Cleveland 10 10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

7 16 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Cleveland 10 10 p.m.; Buffalo 6 52 a.m.

9 12 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2 10 a.m.; Cleveland, 7 15 a.m.; Buffalo, 1 05 p.m.

4 38 and **4** p.m., Way Freight.

GOING WEST.

2 43 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 35 a.m., Chicago 5 40 a.m.

5 05 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50 a.m.; Chicago 8 a.m.

4 38 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 30; Chicago, 7 40 p.m.

8 02 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 a.m.; Chicago, 11 10 a.m.

8 45 and **9 25** a.m., Way Freight.

F. C. RAFF, Ticket Agt., South Bend.

J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

J. H. PARSONS, Sup't West Div., Chicago.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Supt.

Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago

AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

JUNE 24, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT,

Cor. Canal and Madison Sts. (West Side).

On arrival of trains from North and Southwest.

GOING WEST.

	No. 1, Fast Ex.	No. 7, Pac. Ex.	No. 3, Night Ex	No. 5, Mail.
Pittsburgh, <i>Leave</i>	11.45 P.M.	9.00 A.M.	1.50 P.M.	6.00 A.M.
Rochester,	12.53 "	10.15 "	2.58 "	7.45 "
Alliance,	3.10 A.M.	12.50 P.M.	5.35 "	11.00 "
Orrville,	4.46 "	2.30 "	7.12 "	12.55 P.M.
Mansfield,	7.00 "	4.40 "	9.20 "	3.11 "
Crestline, <i>Arrive</i>	7.30 "	5.15 "	9.45 "	3.50 "
Crestline, <i>Leave</i>	7.50 A.M.	5.40 P.M.	9.55 P.M.
Forest,	9.25 "	7.35 "	11.25 "
Lima,	10.40 "	9.00 "	12.25 A.M.
Ft. Wayne,	1.30 P.M.	11.55 "	2.40 "
Plymouth,	3.45 "	2 46 A.M.	4.55 "
Chicago, <i>Arrive</i>	7.00 "	6.30 "	7.58 "

GOING EAST.

	No. 4, Night Ex.	No. 2, Fast Ex.	No. 6, Pac. Ex.	No. 8, Mail.
Chicago, <i>Leave</i>	9.10 P.M.	8.00 A.M.	5.15 P.M.
Plymouth,	2.46 A.M.	11.25 "	9.00 "
Ft. Wayne,	6.55 "	2.10 P.M.	11.35 "
Lima,	8.55 "	4.05 "	1.30 A.M.
Forest,	10.10 "	5.20 "	2.48 "
Crestline, <i>Arrive</i>	11.45 "	6.55 "	4.25 "
Crestline, <i>Leave</i>	12.05 P.M.	7.15 P.M.	4.30 A.M.	6 05 A.M.
Mansfield,	12.35 "	7.44 "	5.00 "	6.55 "
Orrville,	2.30 "	9.38 "	7.10 "	9.15 "
Alliance,	4.05 "	11.15 "	9.00 "	11.20 "
Rochester,	6.22 "	1.21 A.M.	11.06 "	2.00 P.M.
Pittsburgh, <i>Arrive</i>	7.30 "	2.30 "	12.15 "	3.30 "

Trains Nos. 3 and 6 run Daily. Train No. 1 leaves Pittsburgh daily except Saturday. Train No. 4 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday. All others daily except Sunday.

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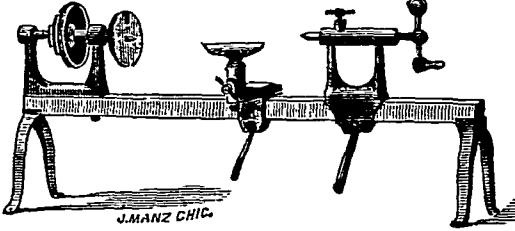
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